

# A NEW SONG.

Tune of *Packington's Pound*.



YE Knaves and Fools, Maids, Widows and Wives,  
Cast away Care, and rejoyce all your Lives;  
For since England was England, I dare boldly say,  
There ne'er was such Cause for a Thanksgiving Day:  
For if we're but wise,  
And vote for the Excise,  
Sir Blue string declares (you know he ne'er lies)  
He'll dismiss the whole Custom-house rascally Crew,  
And fix in each Town an Exciseman or two.

Excisemen are oft the By-blows of the Great,  
And therefore 'tis meet that they live by the State;  
Besides, we all know, they are mighty well bred,  
For every one of them can both write and read.

Thus ennobled by Blood,  
And taught for our Good,  
This Right to rule o'er us can ne'er be withstood;  
For sure 'tis unjust, as well as unfit,  
We should sell our own Goods without a Permit.

Who would think it a Hardship that Men so polite  
Should enter their Houses by Day or by Night,  
To poke in each Hole, and examine their Stock  
From the Cask of Nantz to their Wives' Holland Smoc  
He's as cross as the Devil  
That censures as evil

A Visit so courteous, so kind, and so civil;  
For to sleep in our Beds without their Permit,  
Were in a free Country a Thing most unfit.

When absent they'll visit and look to our Houses  
Will tutor our Daughters, and comfort our Spouses  
Condescend at our Cost, to eat and to drink,  
That our Ale may not be sour, or our Victuals stink.  
To such a Commerce  
None can be averse,

Since every one knows it is better than worse;  
Then let us carress them, and shew we are wise,  
By holding our Tongues, and shutting our Eyes.

An Excise that is general will set us quite free  
From the Thralldom of Trials by Judge and Ju-ry,  
And put us into a right summary Way  
Of paying but what the Commissioners say:  
And what need we fear  
There being severe,

Who for fining us have but a Thousand a-Year;  
'Tis better on such chosen Men to rely,  
Than on Reason, or Law, or an honest Ju-ry.

Since the Hessians have left us, and scorn our poor Pay  
Gibraltar and Dunkirk are in a bad Way,  
'Tis therefore high time to augment our Land Force,  
And double our Files, both of Foot and of Horse:  
The prolific Excise  
Will beget these Supplies,  
And Great-Britain bless with two standing Armies,  
Our Freedom and Properties safe to defend.  
And our Fears of the Pope and Pretender to end.

An Excise for all Knaves yields Places most fit,  
And will furnish our Fools with store of bought Wit;  
'Twill enable each Justice to press or protect  
All who vote, or vote not, as he shall direct:  
'Twill encrease the Supplies,  
And the Number of Spies,  
And strengthen Sir Blue for to bribe our Allies;  
What to all Sorts such Blessings does freely dispence,  
Must surely be sigh'd for by all Men of Sense.

Moreover, this Project, if right understood,  
Will produce to the Nation abundance of Good;  
In Coffee and Tea how our Trade is encreas'd,  
not the Fair-dealers, the Smuglers at least!  
Civil List 'twill amend  
By fining false Friend,  
And the Nations true sinking Fund prove in the End  
Then South-sea and India, and Bank never fear,  
Your Security's certain for more than one Year.

Then ye Knaves and Fools, Maids, Widows & Wives  
Come cast away Care, and rejoyce all your Lives,  
For since England was England, I dare boldly say,  
There ne'er was such Cause for a Thanksgiving Day:  
For if we're but wise,  
And vote for the Excise,  
Sir Blue-string declares (and you know he ne'er lies)  
The Merchant and Tradesman, if his Project but take,  
Shall have their free Choice to hang, drown or break.

